Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurse, and knocke.
Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones,
Myst-like infold me from the search of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp,
Slud knock.
Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simplenes is this? I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks so hard? whēce come you? whats your will?
Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,
Iust in her case, O wofull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?
Rom. Nurse. *Nur.* Ah

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,